

The Times-Dispatch

Published every day in the year by
The Times-Dispatch Publishing Co., Inc.
THE TIMES, Founded.....1888
THE DISPATCH, Founded.....1850
Address all communications
THE TIMES-DISPATCH,
Telephone, Randolph 1.
Publication Office.....10 S. Tenth Street
Richmond, Va. 1020 Hull Street
Petersburg, Va. 109 N. Syracuse Street
Lynchburg, Va. 218 Eighth Street
HARRISON, STORY & BROOKS, INC.
Special Advertising Representatives,
New York.....200 Fifth Avenue
Philadelphia.....Mutual Life Building
Chicago.....People's Gas Building

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
BY MAIL. One Six Three One
POSTAGE PAID. Year. Mos. Mos. Mos.
Daily and Sunday.....\$6.00 \$2.00 \$1.50 \$1.25
Daily only.....4.00 2.00 1.00 .75
Sunday only.....2.00 1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in
Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg:
Daily with Sunday, one week.....15 cents
Daily without Sunday, one week.....10 cents
Sunday only.....5 cents

Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as
second-class matter under act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1914.

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The President's Warning

IN the few earnest words which President Wilson has addressed to his fellow countrymen, calling upon them to observe neutrality in their expressions of opinion on the present war, it is clear that he has principally in mind American citizens of foreign birth or descent. We have among us large representations of all the nations now at war. These days are heavy and anxious ones for them all. But to the extent that they can regard the conflict as Americans, to that extent will they be heeding President Wilson's warning, and proving that they are in fact as well as in name, "nationalized" citizens of the United States.

Japan's Assurances

THERE is no reason to doubt the assurances which Japan has deemed it wise to give the United States government, that she will confine her operations to the Yellow Sea. These assurances were unasked, and are doubtless due to the realization by Tokyo that the United States will not permit her clear path to the Philippines to be threatened.

The superheated imaginations that pretend to see in Japan's "advice" to Germany a threat to this country are owned by the same persons that identify a "yellow peril" whenever a Japanese student enters one of our colleges. That Germany might be ousted from her Asiatic possessions at the outset of a war between that country and England was as certain as the fact that Japan was England's ally. If the Kaiser wages a victorious war, he will not be out of China very long.

Meanwhile, the American people feel that the interests of this country, at home and abroad, are safe in the hands of their government.

A New Chapter in Mexican History

VENUSTIANO CARRANZA is in Mexico City. He is Provisional President, in place of Victoriano Huerta. The new chapter of Mexican history begins.

How it will end, whether it will mark the beginning of a new and better era for suffering Mexico or is to be merely a repetition of her past history, depends upon so many circumstances and so much upon the unstable Mexican character and the uncertain Villa, that prophecy would be as foolish as it would be worthless. However, the seeming broadening of Carranza's outlook, his greater strength, now that he is in the capital, the importance of American sympathy to the making of a successful revolution, and faith in the calm, patient, persuasive man in our own White House make for hope. At any rate, progress has been made, the outlook is brighter, and Mexico has a more splendid opportunity for peace and prosperity than ever before in her history. If the chapter close with the inauguration of needed reforms and with Villa at peace, the future of Mexico as a growing, independent nation and a valuable neighbor may be accepted as assured. For the present, we will have to do a little more watchful waiting.

Klauchan Not Our Problem

CHINA has inquired of the United States what its attitude would be toward the cession by Germany to the United States of the territory of Klauchan for immediate cession back to China. The answer should be prompt and to the point, in diplomatic language, but easily understandable as meaning simply, "the suggestion is unthinkable." We have learned lately how easy it is for any nation to become embroiled in international conflict. One by one the peoples of Europe have been drawn into the gigantic struggle now raging, and we have kept out of it only because we have stood determinedly aloof from all its ramifications. Even our friendship to all must be carefully expressed, and from any special act of friendship to any one of the warring powers, however innocent and however improbable it may be, that it will injure another, we must refrain. We have no direct interest in Klauchan. To meddle there is fraught with far more danger to us than is the extension of the war to the Pacific. Let Germany and Japan and her allies settle that problem. It is none of ours.

Polish Independence Possible

THANKS to the censors, the outside world has no means of knowing how much faith the Poles place in the Czar's promise of autonomy to their country if they will give loyal support to Russian arms in the struggle with Austria and Germany. The outside world gives very little, a fact which even a casual reading of history easily explains. One does not trust the word of autocrats too far under the most favorable circumstances. "Put not thy trust in princes" is a warning of which the world was scarcely in need. When the particular prince in question has frequently broken the promise he is now making under the whip of necessity, even as his ancestors before him, there is no apparent reason why any reliance should be placed in it.

A little thought, however, will suggest that the Poles could do worse now than accept the Czar's most recent promise at its face value, or that they have, at least, cause for hope that this time their dream of a

reunited Polish state is about to come true. This faith or hope is not conditioned on any promise of the present, and past events give it even the appearance of childish credulity. But the possibilities of the future give it credibility. In short, it is not only to the interest of the Czar to make this promise of autonomy, but, in event of success, it is to his interest to keep it.

Independent Poland had an area of 271,000 square miles. When it was dismembered, Russia received 220,000, Prussia 26,000 and Austria 35,000 square miles. To its three owners dismembered Poland has ever been a source of worry and weakness, rather than of profit and strength. To Russia particularly it has been a debit, rather than a credit. Pride, greed of territory and hope for future advantage has stood in the way of performance of past promises; self-interest dictates the performance of the latest promise. If the allies are successful and Russia is allowed to carry out her promise of autonomy to all Poland, she can, by reuniting that country, erect a large and, in time, strong friendly nation to serve as a buffer between her territory and Germany and Austria. These two members of the triple alliance defeated, Russia could demand German and Austrian Poland as a price of peace. Then she might keep her word, for an autonomous Poland, grateful to the nation granting her that autonomy, would be of greater value to her than three conquered provinces, smarting under the sense of one more injustice, angry at one more violation of a solemn pledge. That is why it is possible that Russian Poles may be induced to give loyal support to Russia in this crisis, and why German and Austrian Poles may be lukewarm in support of Germany and Austria, if not openly hostile.

Federal Tax on Inheritances

REPRESENTATIVE MURDOCK'S resolution, seeking to obtain information on large incomes, so that a Federal inheritance law may be framed, brings again to the fore a subject about which there was a good deal of discussion some months ago. At that time, it will be remembered, Vice-President Marshall said, in effect, that if individual fortunes continued to represent so disproportionate a part of the country's wealth, the Federal government might step in and take away the power of willing, which he declared to be a privilege conferred by the State, and, therefore, not an inalienable right, should the public welfare demand its abolition.

The public would probably contemplate a Federal tax on inheritances without much perturbation, particularly if it were graded after the manner of the income tax. In these days swollen fortunes are on the defensive, and the determination seems to be solidifying not to permit the creation of a plutocracy, which might some day threaten the safety of our democratic institutions.

A couple of years ago, when it was discovered that the will of a great New York landowner bequeathed his vast inherited wealth to his son, without any part of it being left for public purposes, there was quite a general feeling that the public had been defrauded. The people's education has reached the point where they believe that great wealth is literally a public trust, so that the possessors of it are subject to a scrutiny as to the uses they make of their money and its testamentary disposition, which was scarcely deemed possible a comparatively few years ago.

The income tax returns showed that the concentration of wealth was greatest in New York, and possibly that State, which already has a sizable tax on inheritances, might also yield the largest proportionate returns under a Federal tax. There is suspicion that some of the possessors of large incomes did not pay all they should on their incomes. The administrators of their estates would not, however, be able to elude a Federal inheritance tax, as estates must pass through the hands of public officials before they can be transferred to legatees.

If the proposed tax were made very heavy on the huge estates, it is conceivable that the law might be evaded by transfers before death, inter vivos, as the lawyers say. Another possible result might be larger expenditures on charities or other semipublic purposes.

Whatever may be the upshot of Mr. Murdock's resolution, we do not think that the idea back of it will prove distasteful to the majority of the people.

Hermann Ridder, American

HERMANN RIDDER, of the New York Staats-Zeitung, is an American citizen. He makes his living on American soil from American people, and by them he has been honored more than once. For these reasons his first allegiance is owed to the United States and to her people, one of whom he has come by his own choice, and not to Germany and the Germans.

It is natural that he should sympathize with the Fatherland in her hour of trial and of possible humiliation. He could not be a good American if he did not, for he would not be loyal. But he has no right to allow his sympathy for Germany to make him forget the duty he owes to his nation and his government. This the editor, whom many have admired and respected, seems to be doing. He has stirred the feelings of the German-Americans against other of our naturalized citizens; he has helped to stir them even against the native born, unhyphenated Americans who do not sympathize with the Kaiser; he has even increased the dangers of an explosion involving us in the Far East. Though we may well acquit him of intention to do these things, he has done them, nevertheless. Fair play we all wish to see; natural sympathy for blood kin cannot, if it should be suppressed, but care can be used, hard words can be eschewed, and evidence can be given of more regard for the United States of America, free and at peace, than for the German empire, yoked to militarism and at war. That last Hermann Ridder has done in the past; he is not doing it now.

The last increase was due to the scarcity of beets, this one is due to the plenteitude of war. The final jump completely out of sight will follow the declaration of peace.

Becky Edelson is a confirmed advocate of international peace and of everything else that will leave her some space in the newspapers.

While machine guns are melting their bearings in Europe, there is talk of reviving archery in this country.

"The nations at peace are the lucky ones," says the Baltimore American. The wise ones rather.

Germany ought to make frankturfers of the dogs of war.

WAYSIDE CHATS WITH OLD VIRGINIA EDITORS

The South Boston News wants to know who will stay at home and mind the baby and cook the dinner on election day if women are given the right to vote. How long does the News think it will take a woman to vote?

The Houston Record-Advertiser thinks Americans who stayed at home while prices were going up are as much entitled to sympathy as the marooned Americans. More so, when those marooned Americans return to tell us all about it.

"At least watchful waiting has proven superior to precipitate plunging," says the Blackstone Courier, giving us a paragraph which all will enjoy.

The Lawrenceville Times thinks the money power could stop the war if it desired. Probably so; but the money power doesn't desire it. President Wilson established a splendid precedent when he frowned upon American loans to France, which means that he will frown upon American loans to other nations for war purposes. That makes the beginning; some day it will have the force of international law.

"Woman promises to obey and then leaves the promise at the altar," cynically observes the North Emporia Independent. And man promises, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," and sometimes leaves the promise at the altar and sometimes has no worldly goods.

Shame on the Newport News Press. Just as the Wayside editor had managed to inspire the muse and cause the press of Virginia to burst forth into song the jealous man comes out with this:

I ain't what you'd call religious,
And I don't put up no bluff,
But I'm going to offer one solemn prayer
For the "poets" that wrote that stuff.

"Every day will be Sunday this month," is the cryptic utterance of the Goodland County Times. We don't get yuh, Steve, as the slangy Lynchburg Advance would say.

"The esteemed Statesman tells us that the vagrancy law is to be rigidly enforced in Columbia, but it neglects to say how the accommodations are to be provided," says the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot. It also neglects to tell who is going to enforce it.

"Why not tag Virginia bachelors?" asks the Gordonsville Gazette, edited by a woman. What's the use? Virginia bachelors are already tagged by that wee-begone look which they forever carry around with them, indicative of disappointment that they have never been able to entice a Virginia girl to the altar. A Virginia bachelor can be recognized as such a block off.

The Southwest Times, bragging about having an account Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock of the death of the Pope, says: "No city paper could have done better. There was no evening paper that reached this city last evening with the news." Inasmuch as the Pope wasn't dead at 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon, the Times did very well. It not only beat all the city papers to the story, but it beat the angel of death as well.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Has a Taking Way.
Uncle Sam has 300,000,000 acres of unappropriated land; but he better not let Congress know it, or it will soon be appropriated.—New York American.

Which Is Going Some.
The European war makes even more noise than the Colonel.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Other Cheek Mislead.
Most of the leading Christian nations seem to have mislaid the other cheek.—Washington Post.

Just a Little Off.
One of the courtroom boys of a big Broadway hotel plaintively told of the rough-house treatment that he had received in the early hours of the previous morning from the enthusiastic guests of a hilarious dinner party.
"What kind of a dinner was it?" asked a sympathetic listener.

"Why, it was given by one of them college aluminum societies."

Quick at Repartee.
Teacher: Williams, after selling merchandise, where do you put it on the debit side or the credit side?
Williams (after a half second's thought): You put it on the truck.

August.
The wind has died. Bread in the east are baked. The fleecy clouds that traversed through the day.
The rainless heavens with their folds of gray. Along the dust-strewn road, the iron wheels raked.
Stand, bronzed battalions; where but lately pranked. In all their pride of wealth fair meadows lay.
The herd's last wain carts the last load of hay. The herd's last bell down the long lane has clanked.
Around the broad-mouthed chimney swallows swift. Close in their flight; the woodland shadow blur.
The torch the goldenrod half-hearted holds. From their bronzing balconies katydids now lift complaining voices—
August that steps is hers. Now in our dreams are blighted graves and golds.
—Alonso L. Rice.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

A Testimonial From President Wilson's Father.
Sir:—While looking over some old papers a day or two ago I unexpectedly came across the following "testimonial." It was written and signed by my former professor, Joseph R. Wilson, of Hampden-Sydney College, the father of President Woodrow Wilson. It is intensely personal, of course, but the vigorous and elegant style and the complete and masterly treatment of the subject in hand forcibly reminds me of the same traits in the writings of his distinguished son. This fact, together with the general interest connected with the historic incident, may justify the publication of the paper in The Times-Dispatch at whose disposal I accordingly place it.
—CHARLES H. WINSTON.
Richmond College, August 26, 1914.

Stoughton, June 16th, 1857.
I learn with sincere pleasure that it is the purpose of my former pupil and valued friend, Mr. Charles H. Winston, to engage himself in teaching. I know no young gentleman in Virginia who can better succeed as an instructor of youth than he. I can think of no qualification in which he is deficient. Mr. W.'s scholarship is sufficient to open to him a professorship in any of the best institutions of learning, while his whole character as a gentleman and Christian will enable him to adorn the highest walls of his profession. The recollection of his distinguished father's name and the high character of his attainments, and permit him to be content with nothing short of masterly thoroughness in whatever he undertakes to study. His mental discipline is, therefore, already most rare, and all his acquirements are to him a sure and unalienable possession. I feel sure of his success wherever he may go. There can be no doubt of his

entire fitness to do the entire work which may be expected of any well-trained and broad-minded teacher. I do hope that Mr. W. will soon have the opportunity to exhibit in a suitable field of labor, the mental and moral and social superlatives which I know him to possess.
(REV.) JOSEPH R. WILSON.
Formerly Professor of History and Natural Philosophy in Hampden-Sydney College.

High Seed Prices in Richmond.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir:—In your issue of the 18th, on page ten, in an article headed "Crimson Clover Seed Shortage by War," occurs this sentence: "Charges that Richmond seed dealers have taken advantage of unsettled conditions incident to war abroad to raise the price of clover seeds, were denied yesterday by members of local concern." This denial is not true, at least as to one of your prominent dealers.

I wrote to the concern in mind to quote me new crop crimson clover seed, and received a letter from them dated July 22, 1914, saying: "We could book your order now for two bushels of new crop crimson clover for shipment in August or September at \$4.50 per bushel." On July 31, upon receipt of their letter, I wrote them ordering booked for me two bushels for delivery not later than September 10, or earlier, if possible. Here was an offer of seed at \$4.50, and its acceptance and hence a contract, which the concern in mind was in law and morals bound to comply with, unless prevented by a power over which they had no control. But on August 4 they wrote me, "Owing to the unsettled condition of the crimson clover market, we are unable to fulfill the order of the seed we will give you the benefit of the decline."

"Now, while I had a contract for the seed, I did not want a controversy, nor damage for breach of contract, but clover seed, and hence I replied, telling them to ship me the seed at a price named, or old seed at \$5.50. The two bushels of seed, new seed as per bill, were shipped to me on August 12, and hence were in the possession of this concern, if not when their letter of August 4 was written, then within a week of that time, and were purchased and shipped before the European war, and no war raised the price of these seed to this firm, nor had anything to do with their declining to furnish the seed at the price of \$4.50 per bushel, the price named and accepted by me.
—A. B. CHANDLER.
Bowling Green, Va., August 19.

At the Texas coast, including Brownsville, except Brazos Island, has been evacuated by the Federal troops.

WHAT WAS NEWS FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the Richmond Dispatch August 22, 1864.

There was nothing doing below Richmond on the north side of the river yesterday, and, in fact, there has been little or nothing going on the way of fighting since the severe repulse of the enemy on Thursday last. The two corps sent to the north side by Grant have recrossed the river, leaving only the division commanded by General Foster, which has been at Deep Bottom for some time.

On Friday evening the enemy's gunboats wasted a great deal of ammunition shelling Howlett's field, on the James River, a position in which they erroneously thought the hated rebels had erected a battery.

Southern papers just received inform us that the object of the movement on the north side of the James was to destroy the rebel pontoon bridges above "Fort Darling," as they call Drewry's Bluff. More likely the whole movement was only a ruse to draw Lee's troops from the front of Petersburg, but whatever it was it proved to be a most miserable failure.

An official dispatch from General Early just filed at the War Department, says: "Portions of our forces in the Valley crossed the Shenandoah at Front Royal on the 16th and drove the enemy's cavalry contingent, who were retreating towards Winchester, burning bay and wheat stacks in their route."

Another dispatch says: "On the 17th, Sheridan began to retire from his position, was pursued, and two divisions of the Fifth Corps, with a large cavalry contingent, were overtaken at Winchester and driven through the town, losing 200 prisoners. The enemy fell back towards Harper's Ferry."

There was another lull and a season of quiet in and around Petersburg yesterday. The rains have helped to keep the armies inactive.

It is unofficially reported that Sheridan's entire force in the Valley does not exceed 41,000 men.

Northern papers to the 17th have been received in this city, but they contain very little war news that is really news. They are filled with a good deal of theory and speculation, but no news of any consequence.

Assistant Surgeon S. J. Grimes, of the Thirty-second Ohio Regiment, has been dismissed from the service for "straggling, getting captured and giving the rebels valuable information."

Ex-Mayor Park, of Memphis, Tenn., has been arrested and lodged in prison in that city on the flimsy charge of using indecent language in regard to military authorities.

At a district Democratic convention held in Bangor, Me., James C. Madison was nominated for Congress from that district and a platform adopted which declares that "the war is unconstitutional." The platform favors a general armistice and immediate negotiations for peace.

THE PUBLIC PULSE

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Job for the Realists.
War has increased the demand for writing on European subjects, according to the statements of Chicago publishers and dealers. No doubt. And long after the war is over it will stimulate a demand for writings about it.

What shall we then see? Shall we witness a flood of half-baked romanticism lauding war to the skies? Will the stories concern themselves wholly with heroes and feats of arms, telling again the old wonder tales of battle of the world's youth, and thus helping to restore the old, the dangerous glamour?
Or shall we see the realists take hold of the world's great tragedy and write it as it is, not wholly black at every point, but dark and terrible and sinister upon the whole? Will they boldly strip it of its golden nimbus and show the black waste and folly of it all?

This is the answer: We shall have foolish, romantic glorification or sane, realistic treatment, according to the state of public sentiment. Writers supply the public demand. They cater to public sentiment, and thus become popular—famous.

From this standpoint the future is clearly with the sane realist. Public sentiment is aroused. The public needs the heroic war as it never saw it before. To it the story of the European struggle will be, in the words of one of Victor Hugo's titles, "The Story of a Crime." It is sick of glorification.—Chicago Herald.

Whom the President Hints

It is the hyphenated American whom the President hints his hardest in his patriotic appeal to his fellow-countrymen to steer a course consistent with true Americanism in the present crisis. Nor is it necessary that he call names in order that his words of advice strike home where they are most needed. The sympathy of the American-born abroad or of foreign parentage with the cause of the native land is as natural as his allegiance first and last is to his adopted country, and the injunction of the Washington government respecting neutrality, while it may not change his heart, imposes upon him certain rules of personal conduct. It is the hyphenated American who is in the most danger of forgetting that his first duty is not to the water, but here in the home of his adoption; that his first affection is not to the country whose citizens he is, but to the country of his birth; that his first loyalty is not to America, for the privilege of whose protection and opportunity he has turned his back upon the traditions of the Old World, repudiated the medieval legends for whose perpetuation this war has been waged, and abandoned every hope of sentiment—all in order to become a loyal son of this republic.—Boston Transcript.

UNCLE SAM:—"Run Along Teddy, I'm Too Busy to Bother With You"



—From the New York World

The Trey O' Hearts

Romantic Tale by Louis Joseph Vance

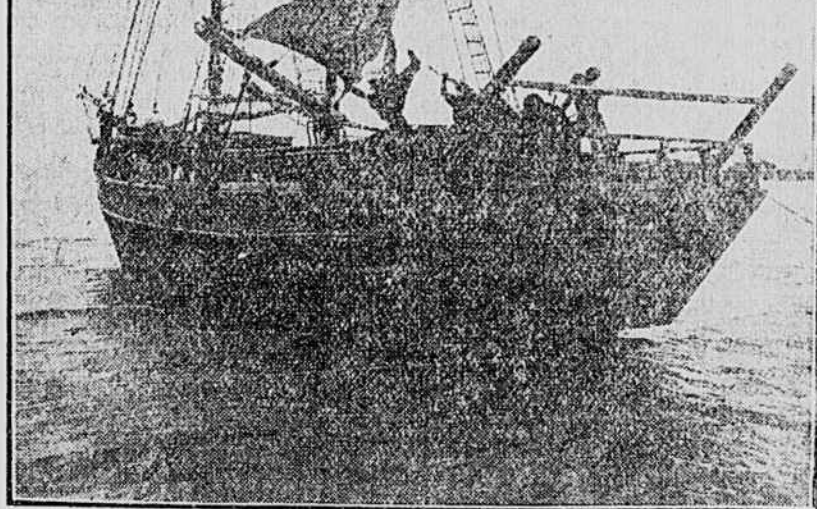
Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

By arrangement with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, it is possible to read "The Trey O' Hearts" in the Times-Dispatch and also to see it in pictures at the Super Theatre. Synopsis of the exciting chapters: "The Trey O' Hearts" is the private life of a young man, Alan, who is a young woman of violent temper. Alan saves the life of a young man, Rose, who is a young man of violent temper. Alan saves the life of a young man, Rose, who is a young man of violent temper. Alan saves the life of a young man, Rose, who is a young man of violent temper.

CHAPTER XIV—ALAN OUTWITTED

Denance informed her countenance and accents. "Can you ever say anything but 'Rose, Rose, Rose'?" There is no other name that means anything to me. "Can you understand how intolerable it is to me?" I love you no less than she—better than she ever dreamed of loving you—because I hate you, too. What is love that is no more than love? "Can you understand?" She made a convulsive, but successful movement to free herself. "Let me go," she demanded sullenly. "Let me go!" he cried in a voice of stupefaction. "But good Lord—how did you get aboard? Where's Rose?" "Where would you not find her easily again?" the woman angrily retorted. "Trust me for that." "What do you mean?" Illumination came in a blinding flash. "Do you mean it was you—your whom I brought aboard last night?" "Who else?" "You would find her there in the hotel, substituted yourself for her, deceived me into thinking you—"

"Of course," she said simply. "Why not?" When I saw her sleeping there, the mirror of myself completely at my mercy—what else should I think of but to take her place with the man I loved? I knew you never knew the difference—at least, I was fool enough



"I Was Slammed Backward Over the Rail."

for the moment to believe I could stand being loved by you in her name! It was only to-day, when I had time to think that I realized how impossible that was!"

A sudden slap of the mainmast boom wharftships and a simultaneous cry from over the stern, "Alan, Alan!" from his consternation to fresh appreciation of the emergency. With scant consideration, he hustled the woman to the companionway and below, slammed the doors and closed her with the sliding hatch—all in a breath—then sprang to the taffrail, just in time to lend a helping hand sorely wanted by Mr. Barcus in his efforts to climb aboard, after he had pulled the dory up under the stern by his painter.

He came over the rail in a towering temper, flopped to the deck, half-exhausted, bellowed a blasphemous command to take the wheel and swing the Scavenger off again upon her course, and when he had been obeyed, lay panting for a time; then pulled himself together and sat up, stuttering with indignation.

"I hope you'll pardon the apparent impertinence," he suggested apologetically, as soon as he was able to articulate coherently, "but may I inquire if that blood-minded vixen is your blushing bride-to-be?"

Alan shook a helpless head. The thing defied reasonable explanation. He made a feeble stagger at it without much satisfaction either to himself or to the outraged Barcus. "No—it's all a damnable mistake!"

(Continued To-morrow)